

0:37 pm June 30th, 2006



[dreamer marie](#)



Resting on His Muscled Shoulder

In which [dreamer marie](#) does the unthinkable: write slash.

To anybody who doesn't know [mina de malfois](#) yet, it's a good thing you don't know what you're missing, because you would be sorry indeed...All the characters and situations in this story belong to [mina de malfois](#), ~~who haunts my most private dreams~~ whose story I follow with pleasure.

I hereby proclaim myself captain of the PrinceC/Warr1or ship, the HMS Denial. To anyone who would be foolish enough to challenge me, I warn you: I speak French fluently. I can pwn you in any flame war (or I will, once I have the right keyboard again).

That said, on with the fic.

PrinceC boarded his ship again. He was exhausted. Punishing the Cult of the Tented Tartan had been more tiring that he would have thought. Xenalvr had helped, of course, but for some reason all the Tartanists seemed to have run towards him rather than her. It was ironic, considering that they were slashers, but he guessed it was not unexpected. Mina would probably not have raised her graceful eyebrow over it.

Lady Mina, he meant. Always call her Lady Mina. She deserved every respect and adoration. He fancied their relationship like a noble lady (which she was, despite Arc's somewhat sarcastic remarks on it) and her knight in shining armour. Maybe he should write a fic, one day, in which he won a Medieval tournament in her name...But no. It would not do to write RPF for The Lady. One should always act honourably with her, not like BalletChic. The memory of her appearance at ConFanLitCon Con made him shudder.

He wiped a drop of sweat from his brow. Another drop slid down his tanned, thin face on his muscular neck, and disappeared in the collar of his stained, torn shirt. It had been a long day. In the end, Arc had delivered the goods, of course, just like he had expected her to do (with the help of The Lady, who had appeared to the Tartanists like the vision of a Goddess), but it had not been easy. Especially the punishing of the Tartanists. One of them had kept coming back, claiming that she had been very naughty with Warr1or, or that she was really her identical twin Zoot. The fact that he had escaped from the damn island was a miracle. And all that to rescue Warr1or, of all people...

PrinceC wasn't quite clear with himself why he had rescued him. It was true that he had hated Warr1or ever since he had attacked The Lady (it

was, in fact, when he jumped to her rescue that she had first laid eyes on him - he would never forget the first words she had spoken to him. *I say, thanks*. Would he dare tell her one day that he had got an E in Chemistry because of those words?). Sometimes, he fancied that Warr1or and he were vying for Lady Mina's affection, and that only by the purity of his love and the valour of his actions he could win her regard. Rescuing Warr1or was a good way to practice these chivalrous ideals.

Or so he told himself. If he was perfectly honest with himself, he wasn't as much into *Ivanhoe* and *Robin Hood* as he used to be. And he had, in a bizarre way, grown fond of Warr1or. For a long time, he hadn't noticed this, being content to laugh at his stupid angry diatribes against P/J shippers, until one of his shipmates had handed him Warr1or's desperate message. Then he had become very upset. So upset that he'd had to hand the rescue mission to Arc. The idea of poor Warr1or leaving fandom forever was unbearable. And wasn't that what was inevitably going to happen if people weren't gentle enough with him? In every one of Warr1or's posts, there was same message that stood out on the screen, that made it different from all the other posts (even Mina's, a treacherous part of PrinceC's mind told him): *please be gentle with me*. Invariably, PrinceC imagined Warr1or's head resting on a shoulder. Then, in the middle of the deck, PrinceC realized it with a jolt. It was *his own shoulder* that he was imagining.

He was standing there, looking foolishly at the horizon, wondering what this meant for him (and for his love for Lady Mina), when he heard a sob from behind him. He turned around. It was Warr1or.

He was crouching in fetal position against the hull. PrinceC had simply overlooked him because he was in the shadow.

"Hello, Warr1or," he called. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Warr1or, in a broken voice.

It was obvious that he had been crying for a while. PrinceC went over to him, sat down and put his hand on Warr1or's knee. He was astounded at his own daring - he would never dare do this to The Lady.

"Come on, now," insisted PrinceC in his kindest voice. "It's all right. It's over now. You're safe."

"I'll never be safe," sniveled Warr1or. Somehow, this made him even more attractive to PrinceC, whose actions were now driven by a single idea - hugging Warr1or.

"They hunt me wherever I go," continued the rescued prisoner. "They flame my fics. They even ruin my game. I paid for this! All that just because they don't like my characterization of PrincessB. They're really

mean, and there's nothing I can say to make them stop..."

He started started crying again.

"They don't understand," he wailed. "I'm a soldier, I've been in the army, I know that soldiers are not like that. I keep telling them that, because they should have some *respect* for the military, because who is going to protect them against the terrorists? But they just won't listen!"

Warr1or was now so overcome with sorrow that he was unable to speak. PrinceC seized the opportunity to stand up and take Warr1or's hand.

"Come on, now, it's not so bad," he said.

Warr1or's sobs redoubled.

"One day, you'll show them, Warr1or," PrinceC added hastily. This seemed to soothe him. "Come on, now, give me a hand. You shouldn't stay in the sun like that. I'll get the cook to give you some hot chocolate in my cabin."

He helped Warr1or stand up.

"Don't worry for now," said PrinceC. "You're on the ship of Lord Henri Antoine Silvestre de Gravina, nobody is going to bother you here."

"Thanks, PrinceC," blubbered Warr1or, who had got to his feet. "You're my best friend."

And then it happened. Warr1or, overcome with gratitude, flung himself into PrinceC's arms. He put his arms around PrinceC's waist nested his face on his shoulder. PrinceC felt the pressure and the warmth of Warr1or all over his body. He had never been so happy to have registered himself as 100 % heterosexual, otherwise there was no saying how Warr1or would have reacted.

Bob got away from the screen. In real life he had not registered as 100 % hetero, obviously. He needed a cold shower and a quiet lie down. He made his character get Warr1or's promised cup of hot chocolate and logged off. He'd had enough excitement tonight. He had never been so confused in his life.

Tags: [fanfic](#), [mina de malfois](#)
[20 comments](#) or [Leave a comment](#)